

No Substitutions by NeroAnne

Series: [Stonathan Week 2017 \[2\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: But Billy still kind of sucks, Day 2 of Stonathan Week, Demons, M/M, Ridiculous writing because I've lost my touch, Seriously wtf is this, Sex, You're all writing so good and I'm all, whut

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Summary:

A demon wants Jonathan for himself. Steve doesn't intend to let a demon have Jonathan.

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Author's Note:

I am so bad at following prompts, you guys. My imagination...just stop me.

Day 2: Monster Hunting!

*A day dedicated to the villains of Stranger Things, more specifically creating a bad guy, using an already existing creature from outside of Stranger Things (such as werewolves, dragons, anything with an outside origin), or just using some of the villains from the show (humans included) to bring about bad things for Steve and Jonathan!

It was supposed to be a very relaxed evening hosting Will and El's slumber party and being the general babysitter/host for the night. Jonathan almost said no, having already made plans with someone special but after his siblings had pleaded with almost identical wide brown eyes, he'd conceded-canceling his own plans for the night.

His duties would include picking up the rest of the teenagers at their abodes and bringing them back to House Byers after stopping at a store to let them pick out some snacks, cooking them a reasonably healthy dinner, and then just watching horror movies and playing games with them all night.

Really, how could that have gone wrong?

"Is that an Ouija board?" Jonathan asked, frowning at the board game sprawled out on the table. He crossed his arms, giving his siblings a look. The fourteen-year-olds stared back, faces guilty and feet shuffling. "Where did you even get it?"

"Dustin's cousins sent it from Fort Wayne. They said it would be fun," Will murmured, and Eleven busied herself with nibbling on her lower lip, avoiding her big brother's eyes.

"Oh, come on, Jonathan," Dustin whined as he scratched at his curls,

"My cousins say they play it all the time and they're like a whole year younger than us. It's just a stupid little game. Are you *scared*?"

Yes.

Jonathan snorted, picking at the sleeve of his turtleneck, "This isn't a smart idea," he warned, "I don't want you kids having nightmares after-"

"We're not kids!" Dustin denied, "We're teens now, Jonathan. Treat us with a little more respect."

"This coming from you," Lucas started, a grin on his face, "who last month snuck into my sleeping bag after watching *Halloween* in Mike's basement."

"Mike's basement can be creepy at night," Will pointed out, ever the considerate one, "Maybe just one quick round of questions," he glanced up at his frowning older brother, "and then we can play some other games and watch movies."

Jonathan sighed, seeing six pair of eyes staring hopefully at him, "Okay, fine," he said finally, his hands settling on his hips. "One round of questions and *I'll* be the one asking them." They all sat down in a tight circle, Dustin grabbing the plastic planchette and setting it at the center of the board.

Jonathan placed two fingers on the planchette, waiting for everyone else to place their own digits on the little heart-shaped plastic. It was a stretch, but they all managed to put their fingers on some part of the planchette loosely.

The oldest boy swallowed, glancing around, "Um..."

"Start simply," Lucas suggested, "Maybe just ask if there is anyone around."

"Right," Jonathan muttered before clearing his throat. He closed his eyes, letting his mind concentrate on the feeling of plastic beneath his fingertips, "Hello," he began, voice soft, "Are there any spirits here with us tonight?"

They all waited with baited breath, looking back and forth between their each other and the Ouija board.

Jonathan opened one eye, glancing down at the planchette. It remained still. He licked his lips and closed his eye again. "Hello," he said again, voice quieter, more welcoming, "Is anyone here with us tonight?"

The aura in the room seemed to shift. The air suddenly felt so much more condensed, their skin fleshing with goosebumps and there was absolutely no noise besides their low breathing. Jonathan was sure he could even hear their heartbeats right against his ears.

The planchette began to move slowly and Jonathan's eyes popped open. They all watched the little plastic move to the left corner of the board.

Yes.

"That was you," Max accused Dustin, who immediately denied it.

"I didn't!"

"Shh," Eleven whispered urgently as the planchette slowly moved back to the center of the board, she looked back to Jonathan, "Ask if they want to talk to us."

Jonathan blinked at his younger sister before closing his eyes again, "Do you want to talk to us?" he whispered and he swallowed hard as the planchette moved again, following the same path as before.

Yes.

"Are you sure you're not moving it?" Mike asked Dustin, bemused, and the curly haired youth shook his head again, frowning.

"You guys, I swear I'm not-"

The planchette moved again, even though no question had been asked. They stared, eyes wide as it began to hover over letters.

"B, E, U-" Jonathan murmured, concentrating on the movement of

the plastic, “T, I, F, U, L.” he furrowed his brows, “Beautiful.”

“Maybe it’s talking about Max or El,” Will said softly and Jonathan frowned, not liking the idea of some...*thing* finding his baby sister or Max, whom he considered another younger sister, attractive.

“Do you think the girls are beautiful?” he asked and they all stared in confusion as the planchette moved to the negative. “Then who do you find to be beautiful?” and the planchette moved, spelling out a name.

J O N A T H A N

“That’s not funny, guys,” Jonathan frowned, staring at each one of their surprised faces, “if this was all just a big prank on me, I’m going to be very upset.”

“It’s not!” Will insisted and then his eyes as well as the rest of their eyes turned back to the planchette as it began to spell again.

M I N E

“Enough,” Jonathan said, anger and hurt creeping into his expression, “You guys, this isn’t cool. I had plans tonight that I readily canceled so that you guys could all be together and this is the thanks I get?”

He was frustrated. Tonight was supposed to be special; he’d finally gotten a night off after working multiple doubles at work and was looking forward to spending it with his lover but after Will and Eleven had needed someone to stay home with them because Joyce and Hopper were going to be at some charity ball for the station the majority of the night and probably early morning, Jonathan hadn’t even hesitated.

“It’s not us,” El said, her eyes moist, “Please, Jonathan, we wouldn’t do that to you.” She sounded so sincere, so hurt by the accusation, that Jonathan wavered, staring at her with a confused frown.

“Then what...” his words died down and they all looked back down as the planchette began to spell out faster, the movements becoming jerky as it hovered over the same letters over and over again. The

lights began to flicker, their panicked voices ringing loudly in the room.

M I N E M I N E M I N E

They all cried out in unison as the planchette suddenly began to spin, their fingers lifting away from the piece of plastic. It flung itself off of the board and it sailed to the wall where it smacked and fell.

No one spoke, their eyes wide as they stared at where the piece of plastic had landed. Their breathing was heavy and they were all trembling slightly. The lights stopped their flickering. After what seemed like an eternity, they all turned to stare at one another.

Jonathan exhaled loudly, gently grabbing Dustin's hand and unclenching his fingers from the death grip the younger teen had on his grey turtleneck, "Well, that's enough of that." He said tightly, staring at the board. "We need to put this away, it's time for a new game."

They all stared at the board.

"You set it up, Dustin," Lucas muttered, his hand still clenching Max's tightly. The redhead was staring at the board, her blue eyes almost laughably wide, "So put it away."

"I'm not touching that," Dustin said immediately, getting up from his spot on the floor to hide behind Mike and Will.

"This was your idea!" Mike said, his fear making him snappy. He grabbed Dustin's shoulders, pushing the male towards the board game, "get rid of it!"

"No!" Dustin wailed and he grabbed onto Will, the smaller male yelping in surprise as Dustin all but climbed onto his lap.

"Stop it," Jonathan said, standing up. He walked over to the planchette and after pausing for only a few seconds, he bent down and picked it up. He slapped it onto the board and then slid the wooden slab into its box, sealing it shut.

His shoulders lost their tension as he sighed. He looked down at his

brother and smiled slightly, "Pick a game, Will."

Will weakly smiled back, "A nice long round of Monopoly will probably do us some good," he glanced to his sister and Mike. "Right?"

"Sure," Mike said, voice quiet. He was staring at Eleven, whose eyes were still wet and Jonathan sighed, reaching over to pull her into an embrace.

"I'm sorry for accusing you guys of playing a prank," Jonathan told them all, keeping his arms tightly around Eleven as she sniffled into the front of his turtleneck, "I guess I just got a little bit spooked."

"I would be too," Dustin piped up, "having some ghost think I'm beautiful and all." He hissed in pain as Max punched his shoulder and he rubbed the aching spot, pouting, "Damn it, I mean," he sighed, "I'm sorry, too, Jonathan. It was a stupid idea." He scratched his curls, "I'll send the game back to my cousins."

"Good," Jonathan gently rubbed his thumbs over Eleven's cheeks, wiping away her tears. He offered her a smile, "Should I get the ice cream and cookies?" and he was thrilled when she smiled back at him.

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The game had lasted a good two hours with Jonathan throwing the game to Mike before they watched a few movies. After noticing the sugar wearing off and several of the kids falling asleep while *The Goonies* was just about ending, Jonathan declared bedtime at midnight.

Not one of them had protested, which was a surprise to the older boy, but he didn't dwell on it as he stepped into the bathroom for a hot shower. He sighed as he slipped out of the bathroom, running the damp towel over his hair. He adjusted the sleeping shirt, it was really his lover's shirt, and it fit him very loosely, and popped his head into the living room. Everyone was in their sleeping bags, already out like lights.

Will had somehow managed to bury himself in between El and Mike, who were each spooning him from a different side. Across from them, at their feet, Dustin was sprawled out in his own sleeping bag, his hat pulled over his face.

Lucas and Max were on the other side of the couch, the tomboy's hand resting lightly on top of Lucas's right arm, his left arm cushioning the back of his head. Jonathan smiled softly, slowly glancing to the games they'd left on the table.

The Ouija box was still buried underneath the other games, where Jonathan had left it, and seeing it gave him an uneasy feeling. He turned around, intent on heading into his room to grab his own sleeping bag so that he could crash on the floor with the pack.

He'd only been looking for said sleeping bag for a few minutes when an odd sound echoed around his small room. Jonathan ducked out of his closet, staring around in bewilderment. It sounded like...tapping?

There it was again. It *was* tapping and it was coming from his window.

Jonathan stared nervously at his curtain and slowly walked over to it. He reached out, very aware of how much his fingers were shaking, and he slowly pulled the curtain aside, staring out at the darkness of the woods behind the glass.

There was nothing. No shadows, no movement-

A familiar face suddenly popped into his line of sight. Caught off guard and with his nerves already on edge, Jonathan accidentally bit down on his tongue, a high squeak escaping his throat as he turned away, bringing his hands up to cover his mortified face as his body trembled.

He breathed hard through his nose and dragged his hands down his face, settling them on his hips. He turned back to window, glaring at the grinning face staring in at him. Jonathan walked over again, unlatching the lock and pulling his window open.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, stepping back and crossing his

arms. He rolled his eyes as his lover/fuck buddy un-stealthily hopped into his room. "I told you I had to cancel tonight."

"Mm, I know," Steve Harrington replied, eyes gliding up and down Jonathan's body appraisingly, "Fuck, I love when you wear my clothes to sleep," he fixed the front of his jacket, giving Jonathan a playful smile.

Jonathan wasn't amused, "What are you doing here?" he repeated, "The kids are all sleeping and you scared me to death, I bit my damn tongue." It still stung and he rolled it over in his mouth, frowning as Steve let out a soft chuckle.

"That sucks," Steve empathized but the damn grin on his face didn't let up, "I can make it all better." He murmured with intention as he walked towards Jonathan. "You left me hanging tonight, babe. Not acceptable."

Already knowing where this was headed, Jonathan finally cracked a smile, tilting his head up as long arms wrapped around his mid-section, pulling him closer to the lowering head and puckered lips.

They kissed slowly, Steve's mouth pressing down against his hungrily and Jonathan parted his lips as soon as he felt that slick tongue trying to bully its way into his mouth. He raised his arms, settling them over Steve's shoulders and sinking his hands into that thick brown hair.

He felt one of Steve's hands slide down his back to the flannel checkered pajama pants he wore and grab onto one of his ass cheeks, squeezing hard and pulling a moan from his throat before he felt Steve walking them back, and the back of his knees hit the edge of his bed.

They tumbled down onto the soft sheets, Steve's tongue lapping roughly into Jonathan's mouth. His hands moved underneath the loose shirt, skilled fingers sliding up Jonathan's chest to play with hardening nipples and Jonathan arched his hips, his own hands slipping down Steve's body to tug on the zipper and button of older boy's tight blue jeans.

They sat up, Steve panting as ripped off his jacket and began working

open the zipper and button of his jeans and Jonathan making quick work of pulling the ill-fitted shirt over his head. They leaned back down, Steve's hands pushing the waist-band of his jeans down just enough to expose his plaid boxers, the outline of his hard cock straining against the thin fabric.

Their mouths met again, and Steve's hands worked to pull down Jonathan's pajamas, the soft material easily slipping down pale globes and pooling underneath his bottom as Jonathan's fingers slid into the flap of Steve's boxers to glide over the hard flesh of his cock.

A sound from the corner of his room made Jonathan pause. He broke the kiss, turning his head to look at his door while Steve's mouth moved down, burying his face against the skin of Jonathan's neck.

"Steve," he murmured, pressing his hands against the taller boy's shoulders. Steve mumbled something in reply, his teeth and tongue working over his neck heavily, while his hips grinded down against Jonathan's.

"Steve," Jonathan hissed, pushing at Steve harder and the older boy grunted, pulling back to give him a confused look.

"What's wrong?" Steve asked quietly, his breathing still a bit fast. He reached out, gently grabbing Jonathan's chin and pulling his face to his direction but Jonathan kept his eyes locked on the door. "Babe?"

"I heard something," Jonathan answered as he gently pushed Steve away. He got up, adjusting his pajama bottoms and grabbing Steve's jacket, tugging it on quickly over his bare chest. Steve stood also, zipping up his jeans.

They listened and the sound came again. Like a weird sort of scratching against the wood of the floor just beyond Jonathan's door and they shared a confused glance, Jonathan nervously turning his head back to the door and walking towards it quietly.

"One of the brats must be up sneaking food," Steve murmured as he followed Jonathan out the door and towards the living room, "I'll bet you five bucks it's Dustin."

“Shh,” Jonathan peeked into the living room, Steve looking over his shoulder. The teens were all completely asleep. They hadn’t even moved from their positions as far as Jonathan could tell. He tilted his head, confused.

“Maybe it was just the house settling,” Steve suggested, “it’s pretty old, after all.” He smiled sheepishly at Jonathan’s flat look, “Come on, we were in the middle of something.” He grabbed Jonathan’s hand, pressing his lips to the knuckles, “I’d like to finish it.”

Jonathan didn’t even bother to hide his smile as he Steve led him back to the room. He sat down on his bed as Steve shut the door, locking it behind him before walking over to stand in front of Jonathan.

They fell back against the bed again, Steve’s lips at Jonathan’s throat.

The older boy reached into his back pocket, producing a small bottle of lube. He uncapped it with deft fingers, never stopping his brutal assault on Jonathan’s neck. He moved his nibbling lips lower, brushing aside the material of the jacket and catching a tiny pink nipple in between his teeth and tugging hard and Jonathan’s hips raised, his own teeth coming down onto his bottom lip to keep from crying out too loudly.

Steve moved back, and Jonathan pulled off his pajama bottoms, tossing them away without a care but keeping Steve’s jacket on, and grabbing the back of his legs, pulling his knees up invitingly. He watched the way Steve’s eyes lowered to his tight hole, glinting hungrily.

Covering his fingers with the sweet smelling slick, Steve circled his finger over Jonathan’s small opening, teasing the rim for a few seconds before slowly pushing his finger in. Jonathan choked out a sigh, his hips rising impatiently, wanting more.

“Easy, beautiful,” Steve murmured, pumping his finger in and out slowly, “You’ll get all of me, I promise,” he began to ease in another finger, his lips coming down to kiss at Jonathan’s pale ankle, “You’ll get every inch.”

Jonathan moaned, his fingers sinking into the back of his knees as he held himself open to Steve's prying fingers. Two eventually became three, those long digits curling inside of him and tapping at his prostate, causing his hips to jerk up.

"Fuck," he whined, releasing his legs. He rolled over slowly, Steve's fingers turning inside of him and wringing out a soft cry of delight, before he settled on his hands and knees. "Please, please, just fuck me already."

"So impatient," Steve murmured, voice soft. The sound of the lube being uncapped again reached Jonathan's ears and he turned his head, watching as Steve stroked his cock with the lube. His own cock hard, Jonathan mimicked his motions, wrapping his palm around his straining length and tugging hard.

"Come here," Steve murmured, his hand holding his leaking cock tight as he pulled Jonathan against it with his free hand. He pressed the head against the stretched hole and he echoed Jonathan's sound of pleasure as he breached past that tight ring, sinking slowly into that familiar heat.

"You feel fucking *incredible*," Steve panted as he pushed hard inside of his lover. He gripped Jonathan's sides, pulling him back hard onto his thrusting cock and Jonathan smothered his cry by biting down onto his arm.

Soft moaning and low grunts filled the room right along with the sound of skin slapping against skin as Steve fucked into his willing body. Jonathan curled his fingers tightly around his bed-sheets, his breathing laboring as his body tightened with pleasure.

He reached back, grabbing Steve's hamstring and pulling him harder into him, "I'm so close," he panted, diving himself back onto that hard cock. He heard Steve's answering groan from behind him, felt Steve's thumbs dig into the dimples on his lower back.

"So...fucking...gorgeous," Steve punctuated his words with brutal thrusts that were bullying his prostate and Jonathan buried his face in a pillow, crying out hoarsely as his cock bobbed, cum shooting out to wet his sheets.

He felt Steve's cock jump inside of his tightening walls and he moaned weakly at the feel of that warm spunk drenching his insides, "Ahhh, Steve..." he felt a hand wrap around his belly and Jonathan leaned up, his back to Steve's chest and his head falling back onto the older boy's shoulder as Steve slowly pumped his hips up, driving more of that cum into his hole.

A hand was on his throat, stroking soothingly and Jonathan's lips curved into a satisfied grin as he turned his head, meeting Steve's lips in a heated kiss.

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They lay together on the fresh bed sheets, their skin tingling and their lips kissing fervently. They'd cleaned up quietly after their love-making, Jonathan slipping his pajama pants back on and Steve tugging on his underwear and jeans. Fingers ran through thick hair, lips caressed necks, and gentle cuddling commenced for the next couple of minutes before Steve finally spoke.

"Fantastic sex aside," He murmured, his fingers gently sliding up and down Jonathan's back, which was still covered by his jacket. He would let Jonathan keep it, he loved seeing the younger man in his clothing. "I actually came to see you tonight for another reason." He smiled as Jonathan lifted his head from its spot on his chest, staring up at him with sleepy brown eyes.

Jonathan was so gorgeous. The younger male never saw it, which was a real shame, because he was truly a vision. The way those blonde locks teased over his warm chocolate eyes, and those full lips that looked their best whenever he smiled, and speaking of his smile...

Those dimples that lit up whenever Jonathan was really happy...that smile was what made Steve Harrington fall for the younger male. And it was time he knew it. Jonathan needed to know that he meant much more to Steve than a hook-up.

"I was going to ask you tonight," Steve said softly, swiping his thumb over Jonathan's swollen bottom lip, "over dinner, while holding your hand and listening to corny music they play in restaurants," he

smiled shyly, hopeful, "I wanted to ask you to be mine. To be my boyfriend."

Only Jonathan Byers had ever made him feel so insecure, so unsure. He'd always been so arrogant with his lovers in the past. So certain that they felt way more for him than he could ever feel for them and reveling in it. Jonathan threw all that out the window, came breaking down his conceited barriers and molding him into someone softer... someone better.

Jonathan's eyes widened and his breath left him in a deep sigh. He was stunned, clearly, but his lips twitched even as his eyes misted slightly, "Steve Harrington looking for commitment," he smiled playfully, closing those brown eyes, "and with the creepy Byers' boy, no less." But those dimples...

"You're not creepy," Steve insisted, "you're beautiful." He grabbed Jonathan's wrist, kissing the pale palm, "So? You gonna be mine, Byers?"

"I suppose," Jonathan said playfully, his fingers reaching out to stroke his hair and Steve closed his eyes, heart fluttering with happiness, "Who else will put up with you, Harrington?"

It wasn't long after that they fell asleep, Steve curled over Jonathan's back, his face buried in that soft blonde hair. He didn't know how long they had slept but it didn't seem to matter as Steve suddenly awoke with a loud cry and a full-bodied jerk, startling Jonathan awake. He hissed loudly in pain, his muscles tensed, "Shit, what the fuck!?" he shot up from the bed, his hand pressed tightly to his lower back.

Fire licked up his back. It felt like someone had taken a switch from a tree and wailed him with it, the stinging only getting worse as the seconds went by. He grunted, curling over and placing his palms on his knees, his eyes clenched tightly in agony.

"Steve," Jonathan whispered, concerned as he rushed to Steve's side, "What's the-" his sentence died down and Steve blinked his eyes open, staring into Jonathan's horrified expression.

“What is it?” Steve asked through gritted teeth. Jonathan gripped his elbow, turning his body to stare more closely at Steve’s back. He reached out with shaking fingertips, stroking down the skin where the pain was the most intense and Steve shied away, hissing.

“Steve,” Jonathan whispered, eyes still wide and afraid, “Y-you have...” he licked his lips, “you have *scratches* on your back.”

“Scratches?” Steve repeated, annoyed as the pain didn’t seem to ebb, “What do you mean?” he didn’t understand. What had scratched him? There was no one else in the room. It was literally just him and Jonathan.

“It looks like you got clawed by some animal,” Jonathan whispered, his face pale. He grabbed Steve’s hand, leading him out the door and into the bathroom, where he turned the light on. Steve felt the soft hands maneuver him to stand facing away from the mirror and Steve turned his head, staring at the claw marks in consternation.

Three deep red slashes were cut down the small of his back. They were so enflamed, the skin broken in some places and Steve could see little dots of blood scattered around the red lines. He shook his head, confused. “I don’t-” they stared at Steve’s reflection and the both of them cried out as a *fourth* scratch suddenly appeared, the older boy jerking hard in pain, a loud gasp leaving his throat.

The sound they’d heard before, the weird scratching against wood, echoed around the walls and Jonathan jumped, bringing his hands up to cover his mouth and stifle his scream as the bathroom door slammed open, hitting the wall roughly.

It opened and closed on its own several times, the loud sound of it slamming each time causing Jonathan to wince and Steve grabbed the blonde, pulling him into a tight embrace as they stared at the swinging door.

“Jonathan!” a small voice suddenly screamed, panic in their tone, and Steve clenched his jaw, feeling Jonathan stiffen in his hold.

“That was Will,” Jonathan said, voice quivering. He pulled away from Steve, darting out of the room as the door swung open again,

and Steve followed, ignoring the sting of the new scratch, and rushing into the living room with Jonathan only a few steps ahead of him.

The teenagers were all awake, huddled together in fear as the lights flickered on and off in the small room. The television was on, white noise loud and unforgiving, and the weird scratching sound surrounding them.

“What’s happening?!” Eleven screamed, hiding behind Will and Mike, who were forming a protective shield around her and Max with Lucas and Dustin at their other side. She looked to her brother, eyes watery, “Jonathan!”

Steve watched Jonathan rush to her and his eyes widened in surprise and *fear* as Jonathan’s right ankle was *pulled* back, the blonde landing on his front with a hard exhale of air. Something...something had grabbed Jonathan.

Jonathan screamed as he was dragged by the invisible enemy along the floor and Steve shook off his fear, immediately diving for his boyfriend’s hands. He grabbed onto one wrist with both hands, pressing his own heels against the floor as Jonathan’s other hand grabbed onto him, “I’ve got you,” he said tightly, staring into Jonathan’s terrified eyes.

He was scared, more than he’d ever been. He could feel his heart hammering painfully in his chest and his throat was working overtime to swallow down any bile that wanted to rise up and out of it but Jonathan’s eyes, the complete terror, was more than enough to keep Steve aware and determined.

Steve pulled hard, his heels sliding against the floor as he tried to move back, playing some sort of tug-of-war with whatever was trying to drag Jonathan away. It pulled Jonathan hard and the smaller male whimpered in pain, his head ducking against the floor and Steve pulled harder, his fingers going numb with how hard he had them wrapped around the pale wrist.

For a few seconds, he was terrified that he might end up breaking Jonathan’s wrist if he didn’t get him away from the thing soon

enough. He felt arms circle around his waist, heard Dustin call out to Lucas and Mike for help, but he kept his eyes on Jonathan.

With the help from the three teenagers, Steve pulled back hard and then they all fell backwards as Jonathan was released, all of them crashing roughly into the floor. Jonathan was sobbing, his hands slowly pushing himself up and Steve grabbed him, arms wrapping tightly around his shaking frame.

Eleven and Will moved to his side, both curling into their older brother, who opened his arms for them immediately. Steve pressed his lips to Jonathan's wet cheek, staring around the living room. The lights had stopped flickering. The television was off and there was no more weird noise.

None of them spoke, too afraid to say anything.

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"So, maybe playing that game was a bad idea."

Jonathan, head resting on Steve's shoulder, sighed, watched as Lucas punched Dustin's shoulder and the curly-haired boy rubbed at the spot with a whine, "No hitting," he murmured, eyes closing. His ankle and wrist throbbed with pain, his stomach was still aching from when he'd landed on the floor.

"So, you little shit-heads thought it would be a good fucking idea to play with an Ouija board," Steve repeated the night's events, "You made contact with something and that fucking *something* wants Jonathan."

"That's about it, yeah," Mike muttered, his chin resting in his hands. "The planchette went wild. It just kept spelling out the word 'mine' over and over again and then it flew off of the board."

"It might be a demon," Max said softly, her blue eyes serious, "Billy knows some stuff about the occult--"

"That's not at all surprising to me," Steve muttered darkly, his fingers stroking Jonathan's hair, "that crazy fucker."

“And he used to scare me at night with stories about how demons can enter our world, how they can hurt you, how they sometimes attach to a person and,” she licked her lips, “mark them as their own and try to take them.”

“Take them?” Eleven said, alarmed, “what do you mean?”

Max glanced at Jonathan and shrugged helplessly, “They torment them...make them want to kill themselves and by doing so they damn themselves to a demon’s hold.”

Jonathan shuddered. He felt like throwing up. Belonging to a demon. Marked by a fucking demon. Damn it, this was never supposed to happen.

“We should call my brother,” Max said softly and Jonathan felt Steve’s shoulder tense under his temple.

“No fucking way,” Steve said immediately, “That asshole is the *last* person I want to see right now.”

“He is an asshole,” Max agreed, “but Steve, he’s the only one who could potentially help us. He knows about this kind of stuff, trust me. He knows more than we do, at least.”

“She makes a good point,” Will said softly before Steve could refuse again, “W-what if it comes back? What if it hurts one of us?” his voice went small and it trembled as he spoke again, “w-what if it tries to take Jonathan again?”

The older Byers’ boy reached out, pulling Will into his arms Will sniffed, cuddling into his older brother’s embrace.

Jonathan glanced up at Steve and Steve frowned tightly, turning back to Max.

“Call him.”

The hour being extremely late, Billy, though always an asshole, was now an asshole with understandable irritation in his bright blue eyes. He stood in the Byers’ living room, arms crossed and sneering in Steve’s direction.

“You want to tell me just what the fuck I’m doing here?” he said, smirking lazily at Steve’s annoyed glare, “It’s the middle of the night and you’ve got me out here for what?” he trailed his eyes down to Jonathan, who stared back at him with a frown, “Need some lessons on how to please your pretty boyfriend?” he smiled nastily, “Why don’t you let me fuck him and you watch and take notes?”

Jonathan grabbed onto Steve’s arm, halting his movement towards Billy, “Steve, please,” he murmured, gently pulling his boyfriend back.

Steve set his jaw, glaring at Billy, “In your fucking dreams, Hargrove.”

“Billy,” Max began, catching her step-brother’s attention, “What do you know about Ouija?”

Billy raised a brow, “The board game? Why?”

“Just tell us,” Dustin said, exasperated but he wilted under Billy’s glare.

“Why are you asking, Maxine?” Billy asked, leveling his sister with a cold look. She repeated the nights events and Jonathan watched as Billy’s eyes moved to him and then to the pile of board games on the table.

“You were the medium,” Billy said and Jonathan nodded, “it latched onto you.” He shook his head, “Christ, Byers, did you even end the game?”

“No,” Jonathan whispered, “When the planchette went erratic and flew off of the board, I...” he swallowed, lacing his fingers around Steve’s, “I got scared.”

Billy frowned, seemingly uneasy, “It’s feeding off of your fear. It’s you that it wants.” He shook his head, curls bouncing, “You need to tell it to leave.”

“Just like that?” Steve said waspishly, “What? Is Jonathan just going to just kindly ask the thing to fuck off?”

“Fuck you, Harrington, you called for *my* help.” Billy muttered, face angry. “If you don’t want me to-”

“No,” Jonathan said immediately, staring at the older boy pleadingly, “Please...please tell me how to get rid of it.”

Billy’s eyes returned to his and Jonathan flinched at the way Billy licked his lips, feeling the blue eyes travel up and down his body. Great. It wasn’t enough that he was getting watched by some demon. Now Billy was being a creep.

“What’s in it for me, my lovely?” Billy asked, stepping closer to Jonathan. He raised his hand, moving to touch Jonathan and Steve moved to stop him but before he could, they all jumped back in shock as Billy was lifted off of his feet and slammed back into a wall.

“What the fuck!?” Billy cried out as his back slammed into the wall roughly and he groaned as he slid down, landing on his ass. He reached back, rubbing the back of his neck, “Damn, you weren’t kidding.”

“Of course we weren’t, asshole,” Steve said, his grip on Jonathan tight. The blonde winced at the hold but didn’t bother trying to move away. He would much rather be in Steve’s locked embrace anyway.

“But we can touch him,” Will said. “Nothing happens to El and I when we touch Jonathan.”

“That’s because it knows that you don’t want him,” Billy said again, voice low as he picked himself up off the floor, “Harrington, you mentioned being attacked?”

Steve glared at Billy but turned around, lifting the shirt he had tugged on over the deep scratches. Jonathan sighed sadly, staring at the broken skin. He’d done what he could, disinfecting the skin and applying ice to reduce swelling but it was obvious that they were still causing Steve discomfort.

“Stop it,” Steve said and Jonathan looked into his eyes, “I know you’re blaming yourself. Don’t.”

Billy stared at the scratches, “Did this happen after you touched

Jonathan?”

Jonathan shifted, “Um, a little while after we...” he trailed off, blushing as Dustin whistled. He ignored the grins from the teens and stared at Billy, who was looking back at him with a rather intense look in his eye.

Steve didn’t appreciate the look. “Yeah. They came up after I made love to my *boyfriend*,” he glared at Billy, who merely curled his lip, “So what do you know that we don’t?”

“It’s going to try and get to Jonathan,” Billy stated, “using you.” He crossed his arms, expression sour, “You obviously have the strongest bond with him. It knows that now and it is going to possess you and go after Jonathan. It might even want to stay in your body just to be with Jonathan.”

No. Jonathan balked at the information. There was no way. He would not let the demon reside inside of Steve. There were no substitutions for Steve Harrington. Not in Jonathan’s heart.

Steve frowned, “And how the fuck do we stop it?”

“I don’t fucking know,” Billy said, annoyed, “I’m not some sort of demonic expert, Harrington. I just gathered a bit of information from books and movies.”

“Fat lot of help you are,” Lucas complained and then squared his shoulders at the absolutely lethal glare Billy sent him.

“Wait,” Max said, “Billy, what do they do in the movies?”

“The usual shit. They try to end the game, use Holy water, the bible, spiritual items,” Billy smirked at the couple across from him, “and when all that fails, the power of love is always enough to conquer all.”

“Do you get paid to be a complete douchebag?” Steve asked, eyes narrowed, “because if you don’t, you really should. You’ll be rich in no time.”

“This isn’t my problem,” Billy said loftily as he made his way back to

the front door, “Good luck with all this bullshit.” He opened the door and looked back, smirking, “It really sucks that you’ve been targeted by a demon, though, Byers. What a waste of a gorgeous face and tight little body.”

“Hargrove, I swear to *God*,” Steve fumed, making his way to the blonde, who merely cackled as he went through the door, leaving the house. A few seconds later, they heard the Camaro rev up before it sped into the night. “I hope he fucking crashes.”

The teenagers all stared at one another, eyes wide.

“Steve,” Jonathan murmured, surprised at the crude comment.

“Well, I’m pissed!” Steve yelled, whirling around to face Jonathan, who shrank back, “We’re fucking setting up to fight a damn demon that wants to *take* you and we don’t even know how. I’m scared.” His voice wavered and Jonathan’s heart ached, seeing tears well up in brown eyes, “I’m scared that if it uses me...that I’ll hurt you. That I’ll *lose* you.”

Seeing the utter despair in Steve’s eyes, hearing the emotion in his voice, it was enough to quell Jonathan’s fear and he grabbed the older boy’s cheeks, pulling him down for a hard kiss. He poured his fear, his uncertainty and as much love as he could muster into those trembling lips and he pulled back, whispering fiercely, “You will *never* lose me. I will always be yours the same way you will always be *mine*.”

Steve blinked back his tears, his arms wrapping tightly around Jonathan and pulling him into a hard embrace. They held one another for a little while, Jonathan’s fingers curling tight in Steve’s hair and the older boy locking his arms tightly around Jonathan’s hips.

“So,” Mike spoke, voice small, “What are we going to do?”

“We need to end the game.” Max said, blue eyes determined.

“What about the spiritual items?” Eleven asked, “We don’t have anything like that, do we?”

"Our mom has a bible," Will spoke up and Jonathan stared at him, confused, "I don't think she really reads it but you know how Grandma is, she insists that we at least have one in the house and I know mom has one in her room somewhere."

"Find it." Max instructed, "We need to end the game now before the demon becomes stronger."

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It took a little while to get everything ready but now they all sat, staring down at the Ouija board, afraid but determined.

Eleven had the bible in her hands, clenching the book so tightly that her knuckles were red. Steve sat beside Jonathan, staring down at the board with frowned lips and Jonathan sighed, looking around their tight circle.

"I need to be the one touching it," he said softly, "I started it." The aura shifted in the room again, almost warningly, but Jonathan forced himself to ignore his fear.

He moved his hands to the planchette but paused, glancing warily to Steve when he noticed the older man's head suddenly drop down. He felt his abdomen pool with dread, noticing the way Steve slowly raised his head to look over at him. Only...it wasn't Steve.

Black eyes blinked at him and Jonathan screamed as he was suddenly knocked over, Steve's body pressed him down onto the floor. The teenagers all stood, crying out to Steve as he loomed over Jonathan, evil stare freezing the stunned blonde to the floor.

"*Mine*," the thing inside of Steve growled, black eyes glaring down at him and Jonathan shuddered, feeling the heavy pressure on his chest bare down on him harder. He tried to move and he groaned in pain as fingers dug deep into his forearms, stilling him.

"Steve," Jonathan said, voice breaking, "Please, fight it." He turned his face away as Steve-only it wasn't *his* Steve-smiled sinisterly down at him, "I love you. Please, please, don't let it win."

"*MINE*," the demon inside of Steve roared and Jonathan cried out in

pain as fingernails scraped down his bare arms, cutting into him painfully.

“Get off of my brother!”

Jonathan exhaled hard as the weight was suddenly ripped off of him. He turned, coughing slightly and opening his eyes to see Eleven with the bible in her hands, holding it up to Steve menacingly.

He snarled down at her, black eyes narrowed angrily.

Dustin grabbed the bible from Eleven, smacking Steve in the forehead with it. Steve hissed, thrashing his head away in pain, “Hold him down!” the teenager yelled and Mike and Lucas each grabbed one of Steve’s arms, pulling him down hard. Max and Eleven grabbed onto a leg, pushing down Steve’s knees.

Dustin pressed the bible against Steve’s forehead again and they all winced in pain as an absolutely inhuman screech left Steve’s throat, the sound ripping out of his vocal chords and piercing their ears.

“Jonathan,” Will said and Jonathan turned away from his thrashing boyfriend, looking into his younger brother’s eyes as he gestured to the Ouija board. “We have to end the game. You have to say goodbye.”

Jonathan moved to the board, placing his fingers on it. Will followed suit, and the brothers stared at one another, nervous. “I-I’ve come to say goodbye to you,” Jonathan spoke, staring down at the board.

The planchette didn’t move and Jonathan swallowed hard, listening to Steve’s screams in the backroom. “You need to leave!” he shouted, his heart thundering in his hears, “I won’t go with you!”

Steve howled at the same time the planchette moved, zooming over to the NO on the board and staying there. Frustrated, Jonathan removed his fingers from the board, rushing to Steve’s side. He grabbed Steve’s hands, squeezing them tightly.

“Steve, I love you,” Jonathan said, voice steady as he gripped Steve’s shaking hands, “Please...please tell me you love me back.”

The demon inside his lover snarled at him but Steve fought. He groaned, "Jonathan," his teeth gnashed together as he tossed his head from left to right. Dustin pressed the bible flat against Steve's chest and Jonathan reached down, his palm hovering over Steve's fluttering heat.

Steve's jaw clenched, his eyes tightly shut as he focused on Jonathan's voice. "I...love you," he gritted out, his entire body beginning to shake, "Do it...do it now," he let go of Jonathan's hands, keeping his eyes closed tightly as Jonathan rushed to the board, placing his fingers against it.

"Goodbye," Jonathan said firmly, forcing the planchette to the negative word and looking back to Steve as the older boy stilled on the floor, his breathing loud and hard. He watched with baited breathe, his entire body strung tight and he cried out in relief as Steve's eyes opened to meet his, the black gone and the beautiful brown eyes staring straight into his soul.

Then his eyes moved to the silhouette behind Steve and Jonathan froze, staring up at the demon. It stared back at him, eyes sad. He didn't know what he expected it to look like but it just looked like a...person.

He could hear his name being called but Jonathan didn't listen. He stood slowly, moving towards the demon. It wasn't mangled...or ghostly. It was just a blank face staring at him with sad eyes and for a moment, Jonathan truly felt bad.

"I'm sorry," he said quietly, "but I love him." He watched the demon take a step back. "Goodbye." And the demon stared at him one last time before its eyes closed and it was gone.

"Babe," Steve called out softly and Jonathan turned, burying his face in Steve's neck. They hugged tightly and they felt multiple arms wrap around them, the teenagers all jumping in to the embrace.

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"We'll have to thank Billy," Dustin said later as they all sat on the living room floor, a mug of cocoa in his hands and a cookie balanced

on his knee.

Steve's head whipped around to stare at him, "What the hell for? The asshole left us." He was leaned back against the couch, Jonathan sitting in between his spread knees.

"He did say what we could use to get rid of it," Dustin replied, sipping his cocoa. He took off his hat, placing it over his chest dramatically, "The power of love truly conquers all."

Lucas glared at Dustin, tossing a cookie at him, "Shut up, Dustin."

Jonathan's lips quirked and he stared into his own mug. What a night it had turned out to be. Glancing at the clock nailed on the wall, he straightened when he realized it was already five after four in the morning. "We should really get to sleep before mom and Hop come home to find us all awake."

"Yeah, I'm sleepy," Eleven said, rubbing her eyes tiredly. They all settled down in their sleeping bags again and it didn't take more than just a few minutes for snoring to start, all of them truly exhausted.

Jonathan grabbed the mugs, moving to take them to kitchen. He bent down to take Will's and then paused as an arm reached over him, picking up the half-full mug carefully. He shared a smile with his boyfriend and they moved to the kitchen quietly.

Setting the mugs in the sink, Jonathan stepped aside as Steve did the same. He stared at his boyfriend, drained, "Are you okay?"

"Yeah," Steve said with a soft sigh, "I could still see you, all of you. It's like I was watching a movie happen right in front of me and I couldn't speak...couldn't move as it pinned you down. I felt its need for you," he shook his head, "It was lonely."

"I saw it," Jonathan murmured, "after it left your body, I saw it. It didn't look like what I imagined." His shoulders dropped, "I hope it finds peace."

"It can find it elsewhere," Steve said, and his words were playful but sincere as he looked at Jonathan, "You're mine. I'm not going to lose you."

Jonathan chuckled, "You can't lose me. You fought off a demon, I'm sure you can handle anyone else who tries to take me from you." He melted into Steve's embrace, sighing, "I'm so tired."

"Bed," Steve said, wrapping his arm around Jonathan's waist and leading him back to the living room. They curled up on the couch, Jonathan easing onto his back so that Steve could lay sideways over his chest and stomach.

"Do they still hurt?" he asked softly.

"Not really," Steve replied, his own voice quiet, "the pain went away as soon as it did, I guess." He chuckled, "To think that all this happened because you bailed on our date."

Jonathan smiled, staring up at the ceiling. "The kids are getting too old to need babysitting. Next time they can watch themselves."

"They'll get into trouble and we'll end up saving their little asses anyway." Steve nuzzled into Jonathan, "Just invite me to co-host next time. We'll find some other crazy monster to hunt down."

"Deal."

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Author's Note:

Everyone Else: *writes really good, short, DETAILED Stonathan week fics*

Me: *this*

Don't play with Ouija boards, kids. Well, do it but do it right.

Also, do demons count as monsters? Idk. But yeah. Billy still being an asshole bc that's just how I see him.

What else...I truly have no idea.

Stay tuned for tomorrow! If you like Sons of Anarchy (which was my favorite show and I'm still so sad it's done) then you'll love tomorrow's chapter. Which is also an absurd length.